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AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
OF
THE VISIT
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE REGENT
TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
JUNE 14. MDCCCXIV.

TOGETHER WITH
THE ADDRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE SPEECH OF THE PUBLIC ORATOR
IN THE THEATRE,
AND
THE VERSES RECITED THERE,

On Wednesday, June 15, 1814.

OXFORD,
Sold by J. COOKE and J. PARKER, Oxford,
1814.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince Regent having been graciously pleased to announce his intention of visiting the University of Oxford, together with the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and many other foreign Princes, and Noblemen, the following preparations were made for their reception.

On Monday, June 13, 1814, the Chancellor of the University arrived, and held a Convocation for the purpose of passing diplomas of the degree of D. C. L. for the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia.

The next morning at 11 o'clock, all the Members of the University were assembled, and stationed in this manner. The Masters and Bachelors of Arts and Undergraduates stood in two ranks on each side of the High Street, from St. Mary's Church to Magdalen Bridge. The

Chancellor, Noblemen, Doctors, and Officers of the University, proceeded to Magdalen College, and waited for the Prince's arrival.

His approach being announced, they walked forward to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation of the City: these halted at the middle of the Bridge; but the Chancellor, &c. advanced to the farther end, where the Bedels' staves (the ensigns of the University Corporation) were surrendered to His Royal Highness, and immediately by him delivered back. Then the Procession returning led His Royal Highness, and the Kings and Princes in his company, to St. Mary's Church. Here the Mayor and Corporation separated from the Members of the University; and the latter preceded the Royal Visitors to the Divinity School; where an Address from the University to His Royal Highness (for which see page 9.) was read by the Chancellor; to which His Royal Highness returned a most gracious answer, and admitted the chief persons

of the University to the honour of kissing his hand.

After this ceremony, the Royal Visitors were conducted to the several Colleges, which were appointed for their lodgings : the Prince Regent to Christ Church, the Emperor of Russia to Merton, and the King of Prussia to Corpus Colleges. They met again to dine in the Radcliffe Library, where a sumptuous dinner was served up to 200 persons : the Regent, his princely Guests, and their attendants being 50, the Chancellor, Noblemen, Heads of Houses, Doctors, and Officers of the University, making up the residue. The evening was celebrated with splendid illuminations.

On Wednesday morning, June 15, the Theatre was opened at an early hour. Tickets had been prepared for all persons who were to be admitted : and it having been found, upon taking the dimensions of the lower (the Ladies') gallery, that the number it would contain was

about five hundred and sixty, one hundred of that number was reserved for those who might come with the Prince's party: the rest were distributed among the Colleges.

At nine o'clock the same morning, the Chancellor went from Exeter College (where he was lodged) with the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors to Christ Church, and thence conducted to the Divinity School, in which place, the Noblemen, Heads of Houses, and Doctors, were assembled. From thence, they entered the Theatre in procession, the juniors advancing first; and when in the area of that grand room, they separated to each side, and formed an avenue for the Royal Personages to ascend to an elevated platform, where the Chancellor's chair usually stands: on this platform were three chairs, the middle for the Regent, the two others for the Emperor and King; all this part was covered with crimson velvet. On the right of the Regent, but lower, sat the Princes; on his left, other Foreigners and Noblemen of inferior rank.

The business transacted in this most splendid assembly, was to deliver the diplomas, which had been granted on the 13th, to the Emperor and King: who were thus invested with the rights of Doctors in the University. A Convocation being then opened, and the Chancellor proposing a similar diploma for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, the new Royal Graduates had that opportunity of giving their votes for the degree of that gallant Conqueror. Other degrees also were then conferred.

A speech by the Public Orator to welcome the princely Visitors was also made; and five copies of English verse were recited. These will be found in the following pages. A copy of Greek Verses was also there recited by Charles William Mildmay, Commoner of Brasenose College; and a Greek Ode and another in Latin by two Gentlemen of Christ Church, which it has not been thought necessary to insert here.

After the business of the Theatre was closed, the Chancellor and other University Officers conducted the Royal Personages to their respective Colleges, which terminated the public acts and ceremonies of this memorable visit.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE PRINCE REGENT.

WE, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford, beg leave to approach your Royal Highness with renewed assurances of attachment to his Majesty, and to your Royal Highness's Person, Family, and Government.

It is with equal pride and pleasure, that we hail your Royal Highness's arrival at this Seat of Religion and Learning, adorned by so many monuments of Royal munificence, enriched by your Royal Highness with additional treasures of ancient literature, and honoured by still more recent marks of your Royal countenance and protection.

These sentiments we should at all times, and under any circumstances, have been happy to be permitted

to express to your Royal Highness in this place. Our satisfaction at being so permitted at this moment, is greatly enhanced by the presence of your Royal Highness's Imperial and Royal Guests. It is in itself an unprecedented honour; and the occasion must be for ever memorable. It recalls to us that union of counsels, and that cooperation in arms, which, under the favour of Providence, have arrested the progress of lawless and inordinate ambition, and, by the reestablishment of legitimate authority, (the only sure foundation for the permanence of those blessings,) have restored peace to this country, and independence to Europe.

For this signal instance of Divine protection, we beg leave to assure your Royal Highness, that our gratitude shall be manifested by the pursuit of those studies, and the cultivation of those arts and sciences, by which Peace is best adorned and prolonged. It shall be our constant endeavour to inform and improve the youth committed to our care, and to establish in their minds, on the sure basis of reason and Revelation, the sacred duties of public and private life. It is thus that we hope to train up the rising generation in the principles of inviolable loyalty to the Throne, and of affectionate veneration for that happy Constitution, which has been our safeguard in this long season of trial; the admira-

tion of other nations, the theme of their gratitude, and the object of their imitation.

That your Royal Highness, and your august Allies, may long enjoy the satisfaction arising from the enlightened views, and heroic achievements in the cause of suffering humanity, by seeing your Dominions flourishing, your Subjects happy, and the World at peace, is the devout and fervent prayer of your Royal Highness's ancient and loyal University of Oxford.

ORATIO

HABITA IN THEATRO SHELDONIANO

OXONIÆ,

DIE 15 JUNII A. D. 1814.

A

GULIELMO CROWE, LL. B.

PUBLICO UNIV. ORATORE.

SERENISSIME Princeps, dilectissimi Regis nostri vicem gerens, Vosque augustissimi Reges, Duces invictissimi, illustrissimi Hospites.

Quantum hodierno die gaudium universi capiamus, ego licet sileam res ipsa declarat; cum propter adventum vestrum optatissimum, non modo homines omnium ætatum et ordinum, sed etiam mœnia ipsa videantur, atque urbis tecta exultare. Magno sane honore et incredibili lætitia cumulastis Academiam Oxoniensem, quod eam visere dignati estis, quod hoc potissimum tempore, cum vobis non solum ut hospitibus gratulari possimus, verum etiam ut servatoribus nostris gratias agere meritissimas, ideo quod per exi-

miam virtutem vestram, a gravissimo bello salvi tandem et liberati sumus. Jam vero ille Vester tot potentissimorum Regum et Principum consessus perfundit hæc loca lumine quodam novo, et splendido, et quale nunquam antehac huic Academiæ, præter hanc nulli affulsit. At non ii sumus profecto, qui nosmetipsos honore tali dignamur; neque tam arroganter quicquam a me dictum aut conceptum esse velim: cum autem mente repeto tot viros præstantissimos, qui omni genere scientiarum hic floruerunt, tot Principes et Reges Collegiorum nostrorum aut fundatores, aut ipsos disciplinis nostris instructos, ante omnes vero magnum illum Alfredum, a quo, Tu Princeps augustissime, genus ducis tuum, cujusque sceptri hæres tu es amplissimus, Alfredum illum, quem Conditorem Academiæ nostræ vindicamus, tum vero de dignitate ejus dissimulare non licet. Quin Ipse, si nunc adesset, jure optimo posset de Academia gloriari sua. Quapropter, oro, liceat mihi vicem ejus sustinere paulisper, dum voces proferam in persona graviori, et digna quam vos, Augustissimi Reges, attente audiatis. Eum igitur putatote vobiscum sic loqui.

Quam aspicitis Academiam, Hospites illustrissimi, omnium fere quæ exstant antiquissimam, Ego princeps formavi. Postquam enim crudelissimum hostem

debellassem, (quemadmodum Vos nuper fecistis) nec prius neque sanctius quicquam habui quam ut sedem quandam in regno meo stabilirem, ubi literæ humaniores, et scientiæ, et pacis artes coli possint; sciebam enim quantum hujusmodi studia ad summi Dei honorem, quantum ad humani generis felicitatem, conferre valeant. Sperabam quoque tam honestam operam a me inchoatam, ab aliis post me Regibus et Principibus viris auctam et amplificatam fore; tum vero partem istius gloriæ ad me redundaturam. Nec me fefellit mea spes. Hæc est illa inclyta Oxonia, cujus nomen etiam ad ultimas gentes et populos remotissimos pervenit: cujus ego alumni, tanquam militibus meis usus, multas de barbarie, de inscitia, de impietate, victorias reportavi; plurima porro litterarum posui tropæa et monumenta, quæ nulla delebit vetustas, nulla unquam obscurabit oblivio.

Hæc Alfredo fas esset magnifice prædicare: nos humilia et sentire et loqui decet. Nunc autem a Vobis, Augustissimi Hospites, petimus ac etiam oramus, ut qua benignitate huc advenistis ad Academiam nostram visendam, eadem hæc excipere velitis, quæ officii et reverentiæ gratia facimus. Parva quidem sunt, sed ex animis gratissimis proficiscuntur, sed propensissima voluntate persolvimus, sed justissima de causa vobis


debemus : quoniam, ut tranquilla pace jam fruamur, quod cum studiis nostris apprime accommodatum, tum maxime optandum erat, id Vestris, Augustissimi Principes, consiliis prudentissimis, Vestra, Duces fortissimi, admirabili et pæne divina virtute, et nobis, et totius Europæ gentibus et nationibus est effectum.

ODE

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

WILLIAM DALBY, A.B.

FELLOW OF EXETER COLL.



MUSE, who didst chaunt thy joy in varied song,
When these glad walls receiv'd the princely throng
Of great Eliza's court ; withheld whose aid,
Poor were our thanks, our homage coarsely paid ;
Prompt my rude tongue to shape its duteous task
In such fond speech as his approach may ask,
Who rose from couch of filial woe to bear
For us, the Ensign of a Father's care :
Teach me to shun each thought of meaner praise,
But hail him worthy of that Father's race !
Nor yet desert my call, for I would dare
Salute, by thee inspir'd, yon high-born pair :
Oh let me bid them, ere thy lesson cease,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to the Sons of Peace !

What tho' the gownsmen's sable vestments seem
To speak him stranger to the soldier's theme,

Self-doom'd to view the triumph from afar,
 Nor boast the glorious blazonry of war ;
 Think him not, mighty Chiefs, too cold to love
 Tales of the battle-field, where armies strove,
 Too dull to reverence, too slow to greet
 The hero's presence in his calm retreat.

When, Phoenix like, the vengeful spirit broke
 From desolated Moscow's veil of smoke,
 And bade the haughty spoiler's iron form
 Crouch, terror-bent, beneath the coming storm ;
 Sudden, thro' our lone groves, the glad shout rang,
 And hall, and lofty tow'r, responsive sang ;
 Hope burst, from dreamy trance, exulting forth,
 And cheer'd with us our Brethren of the North.
 Nor were they few, who deem'd the classic bow'r
 Inglorious harbour in this fateful hour ;
 Sage arts abandon'd all, and ancient lore,
 They cried, to arms! to arms! and sought Iberia's shore.

Not deaf to glory's call, yet loth to break
 Chains woo'd and worn for Rhedycina's sake ;
 Not loosely revelling in unmanly joys,
 Not basely trembling at the herald's voice ;
 But held by awe of her, on whose high state
 Ill might diminish'd train of vassals wait,

We, could a faithful band such charge resign ?
Kept our lone vigils by the matron's shrine.

Ye, who are school'd in camps, perchance had smil'd
To mark what anxious search our watch beguil'd :
With eager eye we scann'd th' historic page,
From deeds of high renown drew bold presage ;
In fancy rov'd, where curious foot had trac'd
The soldier's track, deep printed in the waste ;
But chief we paused, where whelm'd in Issus' tide
Slept the huge relics of barbaric pride,
Pride unabash'd, save when the fleet winds bore
Her vanquish'd millions from the seaman's shore ;
Or when she scap'd, dismay'd, in fragile raft,
The Scythian's haggard steed and deathful shaft ;
All else submissive to her thunders hurl'd
O'er the wide East, her tributary world.
Elate we view'd Fate's tardy vengeance sped :
E'en then the omen pleased ; but when we read,
That he who bravely fought, could nobly spare,
Mild to the fall'n, and gentle to the fair ;
We grasp'd the unerring sign with loud acclaim,
And fondly dwelt on ALEXANDER's name.

Nor less, 'midst triumphs of a later age,
Were gallant FRED'RIC's priz'd, who dar'd to wage

Unequal combat long, yet scorn'd to bend
Before his myriad foes, for he was England's friend !

Short space to moody shame and malice giv'n,
By rebel passions urg'd, and angry Heav'n,
Gall'd by defeat, not tam'd, untaught to yield,
Again th' Invader tempts the gory field :
What if the desp'rate hazard be his last ?
Arms, treasure, empire, all are on the cast !
Hope feeds his soul, when lo ! portentous sight !
The sov'reign Eagles join in threefold might.
Now the pale Saxon rues his succour lent ;
Now the chaf'd beast within her ramparts pent,
Ill-fated Dresden mourns, and Elbe's broad flood
Rolls thro' polluted banks its waves of blood.
Yet still the fearful pause enchains each sense
In silent agony, and dread suspense.

Shame on those stubborn winds ! ill-timed delay !
They yield ! and Stewart tells of Leipzig's day !
Straight thro' the narrow cell and echoing hall,
Stern rule and sober task forgotten all,
In mingled fits of ecstacy and pain,
We hail'd the battle won, and mourn'd o'er heroes slain !

Tumultuous hours were those, but now employ
Our tranquil breasts pure hope and chasten'd joy.

No more, in wakeful truce, the jealous hand
 Clasps, unrelax'd, the loosely sheathed brand.
 But, bare of steel and gauntlet rough, repays,
 With pressure fond, the scholar's keen embrace.

Methinks, while yet the pageant treads our aisles,
 Approving Science lifts her head, and smiles.
 Like some imperial dame, who, thron'd on high
 To grace the splendid feats of chivalry,
 While hotly strive the flower of ev'ry realm,
 Sighs o'er the splinter'd lance and cloven helm :
 But when the herald parts the dang'rous fray,
 And victor knights advance in fair array,
 Darts from her radiant eye, like gleam of summer sun,
 The pledge of grateful love, the meed that valour won.

VERSES

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

HENRY BOSANQUET,

GENTLEMAN COMMONER OF C.C.C.

OXFORD, exult !—behold the period come,
When conquering Kings adorn this classic dome :
Oxford, raise high thy head, and gladly pay
The homage due on this thy festal day.

Oft hast thou here adjudg'd the Poet's meed
To valiant action, and to virtuous deed :
Here oft have Warriors gloried in thy praise,
And Statesmen here enjoy'd unfading bays.
But not since first our Alfred's star appear'd,
And thro' the mists its morning splendour rear'd,
Has ever yet on Isis' favour'd stream
Yon flaming orb diffus'd so bright a beam.
For now to thee, great Prince, her vows sincere
Thy Oxford pays, and bids thee welcome here.
Long mayst thou live on peaceful arts to smile,
And long a Brunswick rule fair Albion's Isle.

Yes ! we have heard, by hostile tumult torn
 Thro' all her states, desponding Europe mourn.
 Yet Hope, sweet seraph, sooth'd her anxious breast,
 And lull'd her thus to visionary rest.
 " Lo ! where mid northern blasts yon flags unfurl'd
 " Advance to renovate a prostrate world.
 " See ! how in crowds their dauntless legions frown ;
 " See ! how they pour like mountain torrents down.
 " Hark ! where on Gaul's own plains their shouts declare,
 " That God presides, the just avenger there."
 And was indeed the pleasing vision true ?
 Did Fancy then a real prospect view ?
 Yes ! then she saw the kindred eagles soar
 From vast Siberia's bounds to Biscay's shore.

Down, Despot, down : the mighty task is done ;
 Thy iron sceptre falls ; thy course is run.
 And deem'd you not of this, mid northern snows,
 When shrieks of death thro' all thy ranks arose ?
 Mark'd you not well from off the Kremlin's height,
 When lurid brightness seared the eye of night,
 How Justice then prepar'd thy deeds to weigh,
 And Vengeance prophesied of Leipzig's day ?

And that dread day did come. Throw off the chains
 From captive Kings : again a Louis reigns.

Again to Gaul are golden times restor'd,
And willing thousands greet their rightful Lord.

Speak, Europe, rescued from the whelming flood,
Had polar winters chill'd yon Emperor's blood ?
Had FREDERIC's converse with the tented field
His breast 'gainst Mercy's gentle influence steel'd ?
No—by fair Gallia's still unravaged plains,
Her towns unsack'd, her unpolluted fanes,
By all her merchant wealth, and artist pride,
From Seine's tall towers to Garonne's viny side,
By her fall'n tyrant's show of princely state,
His limbs unchain'd, his life inviolate,
By these, far lands and distant times shall know,
“ How Christian valour spares the prostrate foe.”

Still not to you, Great Chiefs, tho' high your praise
Transcend the Historian's pen, or Poet's lays ;
Yet not to you alone shall mortals bow
In awful love, and pay the grateful vow ;
But ye yourselves must bow, your praise be given,
To him the LORD of Lords, your King in heaven.

VERSES

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

ROBERT INGHAM,

COMMONER OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

YE guardian Spirits, who, ordain'd of old,
In solemn charge the doom of empires hold,
To you, through all her shores, may Europe raise,
Realm after realm, the pealing hymn of praise,
Twofold the blessing for her sons prepar'd,
Th' oppressor fall'n, the saviour champions spared.

And mid the glowing pæans that ascend
To hail the King, the Warrior, and the Friend,
Let Oxford cull, to swell the solemn quire,
The choicest treasure of th' historic lyre
For him, who first his battling myriads bore
From wintry Baltic and the Caspian shore ;
Who chid that recreant foe, whom but to name
Would dull our glories with a word of shame ;

Drew him within his empire's mighty breast,
 Alcides like, to crush the giant pest.
 Nor he unsung, who, in the dubious hour,
 For one vast struggle summon'd all his power,
 Staked his rich heritage of martial zeal,
 And arm'd a **BLUCHER** for his country's weal.

Ye, leagued in fame, through after years shall beam
 The patriot's watchword, and the poet's theme !
 Haply the sons of some far distant age
 Shall muse mistrustful o'er the wondrous page,
 Where the proud records of your deeds are held,
 The wrongs that menaced, and the might that quell'd.

Though oft too harsh the din of war invades
 Where Science walks her Academic shades,
 Yet to your triumphs higher claims belong,
 Than victory yields, to live embalm'd in song:
 Ye stay'd the battle's rude avenging hand
 From the fair spoil of Latium's ravaged land;
 Ye, warm with kindred virtues, joy'd to save
 The hallow'd relics of the wise and brave ;
 Your conquering swords dealt freedom where they came,
 And Mercy strew'd with flowers your path of fame.
 Such deeds heroic to the world confess'd,
 In one great hour, foes conquer'd, spar'd, and bless'd.

And thou, who, stedfast in the righteous cause,
 Led'st the bold strife, shalt share the rich applause :

Now mid thy nation's praise, one wish is borne ;
The peace thou counseld'st, by thy cares adorn,
Till, rear'd by thee, her graceful arts resume
A fresher life, and spread their vernal bloom.

ODE

WRITTEN BY

JOHN HUGHES, A. B.

OF ORIEL COLLEGE,

SPOKEN BY

ROBERT MASCALL,

GENTLEMAN COMMONER OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

INSPIRING Muse of History,

Who throw'st thy broad and comprehensive span

O'er all the annals of the brave and free,

O'er all th' eventful tale of man,

Attune the trump of Fame no more

To them, the chiefs of older time,

The hardy sons of Sparta's shore,

The patriots of Athenian clime;

But hail to those who struck th' auspicious blow,

The brother-band of Kings, who laid oppression low,

Turn from fierce Macedonia's Lord,

Who fired the royal Persian's captive fane,

That phrenzied youth, whom suppliant Art implored
To spare her honours, but implored in vain.

But, Art, declare whose conquering arm
Preserved each trophy of thy favour'd clime,
Gave back, secure from scath and harm,

The classic spoils of time?

'Twas He, the Hero of the North :
In him a nobler ALEXANDER view,
Who chased the tyrant in his anger forth,
Yet o'er the prostrate foe his sheltering buckler threw.

In generous Austria see display'd
The awful justice of the Roman name ;
By nature, by ambition's force unsway'd,
And deaf to all but Virtue's sacred claim.
To FREDERIC's heir, thrice worthy of his throne,
And Him of Sweden, breathe the Spartan flute ;
For well might old Tyrtæus' measure suit
Their praise, who rouzed at injured Europe's moan,
Like Sparta's martial kings their bosoms bared,
And with their lion-bands each toil and danger shared.

No more in wild romantic strain
Dwell on the record of their fabled worth,
Who quell'd each giant brood, each monster train,
The champion lords of grateful earth.

Thy oaken wreath to grace the veteran crest

Of living valour, patriot Muse, decree

To those who sought with firm undaunted breast,

And pierced the serpent-den of Tyranny.

To Bluecher and the Hetman yield the crown ;

First in the van of those who smote th' Oppressor down.

Enough through Anarchy's wild night

Hath gleam'd that meteor of portentous birth,

Whose red and desolating light

Shone but to blast the face of bounteous Earth.

Quench'd are its beams, its reign is past ;

Reviving Europe breathes at last,

And hails in him, th' immortal Czar,

The pure and steadfast ray of Freedom's morning star,

Yet shall she ne'er forget the brave,

Who in that night of storm, with anxious zeal,

Midst doubt and danger, stemm'd the raging wave,

And died to save her sinking weal.

Oh, that her triumph's rousing sound,

Or that the voice of gratitude,

Could pierce the melancholy bound

Of their cold grave by Europe's tears bedew'd :

Oh, could it cheer Kutousoff's dwelling low,

Revive the gallant good Moreau,

Wake those who sleep on Borodino's plain,
And tell Bragathion's shade, he did not fall in vain.

Yet shall she bless his venerable head,
Who shared her labours, wept her every woe ;
Whose bands by Wellington, or Nelson led,
Pour'd rout and slaughter on his foe.
Him, who to cheer the exile's hapless eye,
Uprear'd the friendly beacon-light
On his own cliffs of Liberty,
That laugh'd to scorn the tempest's baffled might.
Europe, remember him, who ever gave
A home to suffering man, a welcome to the brave.

Though He, on dark Affliction's couch laid low,
Hears not, alas, thy blessings on his name,
Yet, Europe, what thou canst, bestow ;
Give to his Son the well-earn'd meed of fame :
That Son, more nobly proved his own,
When erst, in Bourbon's darkest hour,
He cheer'd the Exile of a rival throne
With all the courtesies of wealth and power,
Than when of late, in Bourbon's day of pride,
He held high festival, triumphant by his side.

He comes, by Europe's wishes blest,
By kindred honour more than princely birth,

Link'd to either generous Guest,
The mirrors of each other's worth.
For nought so binds the great and good
As glory's prize in concert won,
As danger in a mighty cause pursued,
And mercy's kingly deeds together done.
Britain, through all thy isles rejoice,
And hail with cheering hand and voice
Those hallow'd ties which bind th' immortal **THREE**,
The champions of the world, the friends of Liberty.

ODE

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

WILLIAM TAYLOR COLERIDGE, B. A.

OF EXETER COLLEGE.

OH, for a son of bright-eyed glory,
That sweeping o'er the chorded shell
Should in sublimest number tell
The patriot hero's deathless story.
Oh, for a soul, that loved to ride
The battle's most tempestuous tide,
And thought the tumult of the fight
Most sweet to ear, and beautiful to sight.
If here thy glorious race began,
And Oxford fashion'd thee so well,
Up to the perfect man ;
Spirit of air, obey the spell.
Oh, from the realms of day
Waft some immortal lay.
On thee thy Holy Mother calls,
Bid every note of rapture swell
To those that grace her honour'd walls.

For these are they, who, leagued in holy tie
Self dedicate to Liberty,

Her banner bright unfurl'd :
Hope could not lead astray,
Fear might not bar their way ;

They sav'd a sinking world.
What though with giant force
Elate of heart, and big with borrow'd fame,
The dark Adventurer came ;

Uncheck'd they held their onward course.
What though o'er all the red and restless sky
The wasting flames roll'd horribly,
The holy city fell,

To them in that portentous hour
Came thoughts of soul-sustaining power ;
Firm faith, and courage high,
And agonizing memory ;
Dread voices from the silent earth

Told of the mighty and unspotted dead :
The race that shall be in the after time
Rose up in shew sublime,

And claim'd a freeman's birth.
So that immortal city blaz'd on high
An altar pile to Liberty,
And from her throes

The spirit of the North sublimer rose
To vengeance and to victory.

Yes, and it pass'd that night of sorrow,

Dark mother of a glorious morrow :

The sun, that to the waves

Fled from a world of slaves,

Uprose in holy jubilee ;

For every soul in every land was free.

Yet mourn for Him, who o'er the tide of war

Beam'd brightly as a comet star ;

And when that day was done,

His toils were scarce begun :

The wounded warrior's painful bed

With holy love he visited :

And his mild spirit groan'd to see

That universal agony.

What boots to tell, how o'er his grave

She wept, that would have died to save ?

Little they know the heart, who deem'd.

Her sorrow but an infant's dream

Of transient love begotten ;

A passing gale, that as it blows

Just shakes the ripe drop from the rose

That dies, and is forgotten.

Oh woman, nurse of hopes, and fears,

All lovely in thy spring of years,

Thy soul in blameless mirth possessing,

More lovely in affliction's tears,

Most lovely still those tears suppressing !

Changed be the note, and once again
Strike, harp, a loud triumphant strain ;
 Fill high the cup of praise
To Him, who, in that desperate night,
Still waved on high the beacon light ;
The Brunswick, resolute to save,
Who stemm'd that all-devouring wave :
Who, when no earthly hope was given,
Found strength and confidence in heaven ;
And upward gazing on bright honour's sun,
Finish'd the holy war his glorious Sire begun.

